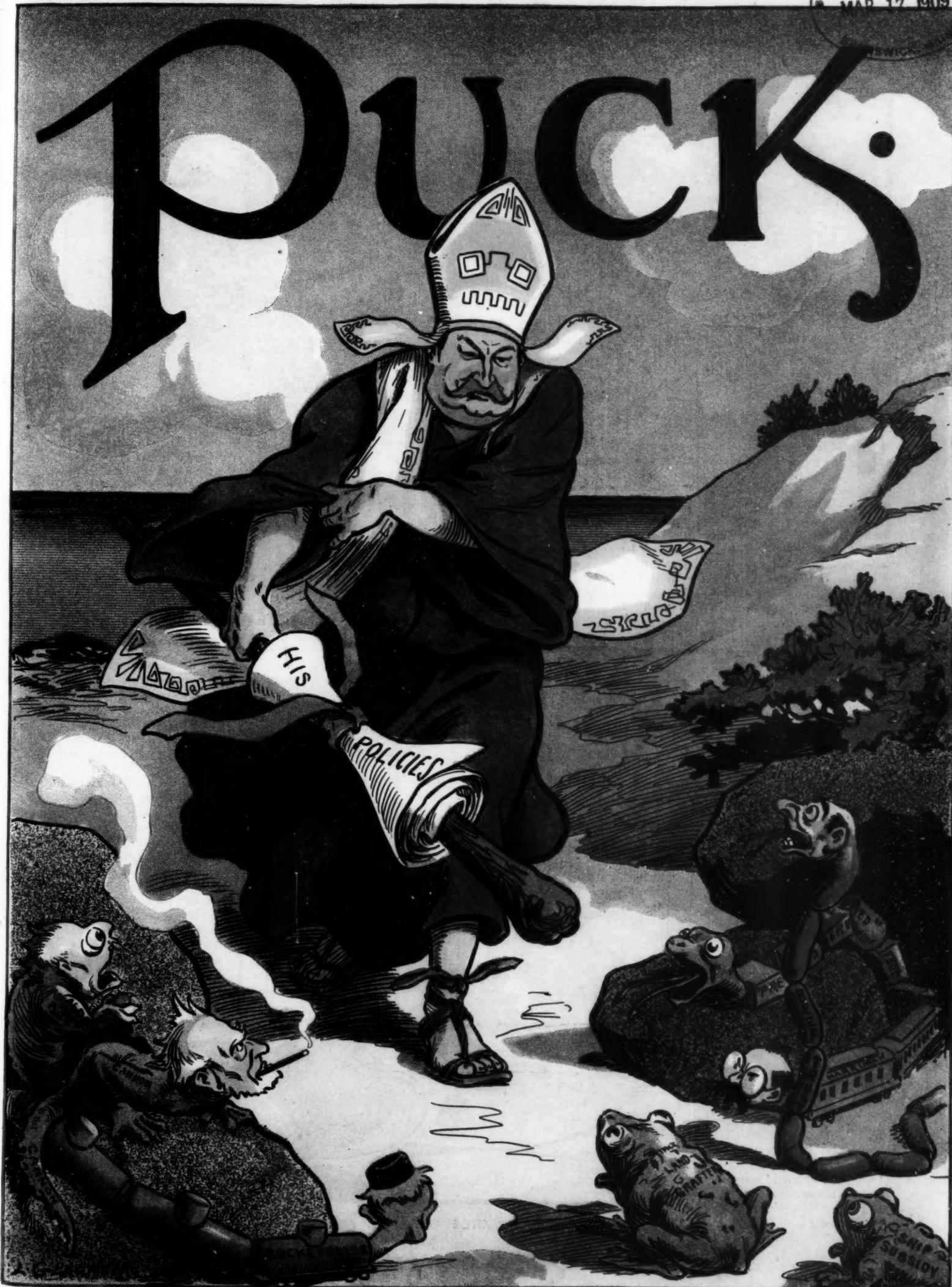


VOL. LXV. No. 1672.

PUCK BUILDING. New York. March 17th, 1909.

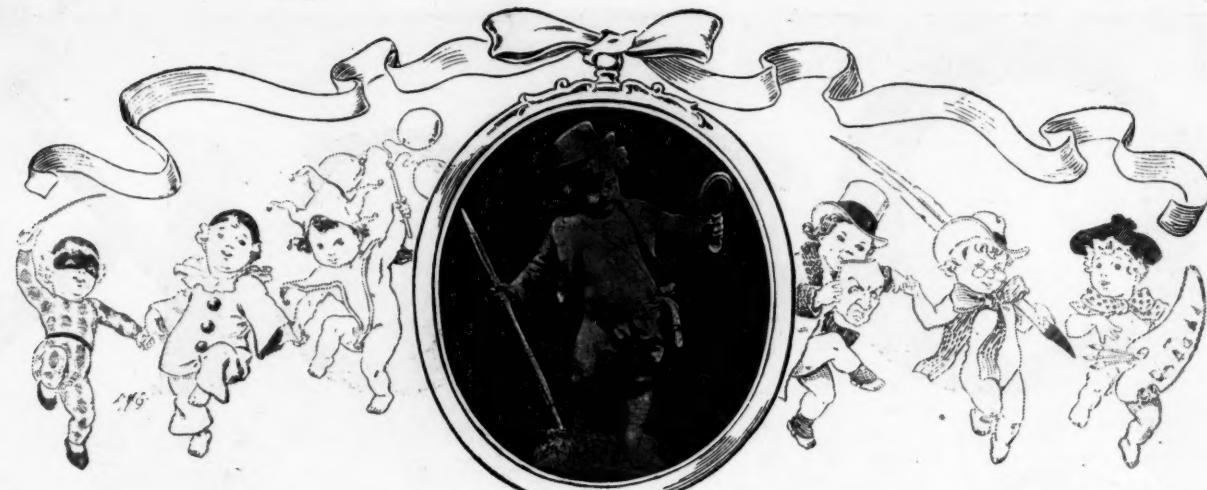
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ANOTHER SAINT PATRICK?

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Published by
KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN,
J. KEPPLER, Pres. A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,
E. A. CANTRELL, Sec. and Treas.
295-309 Lafayette Street, New York.

PUCK
No. 1672. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1909
A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

Issued every Wednesday. \$5.00 per year.
\$2.50 for six months. \$1.25 for three months.
Payable in advance

"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

THAT HAS COME. It was bound to come. It was only a matter of time, the way things were going. To pleas belonging to the "had-no-criminal-intent" school, popularized by "in bad" financiers since the panic, has been added the "I-took-the-money-but-I-am-innocent-because-I-meant-to-pay-it-back" excuse. Oh, no, it wasn't made by a poor devil of a clerk who wanted to play the market on margin and therefore robbed the cash drawer. It was advanced by a couple of bankers, who set it up as their defense when accused of larceny. Both men are now in prison, but what shall be said of lawyers when they allow their clients to enter such pleas? What?—Unless it be that the courts have permitted so much solemn argument upon the subject of "criminal intent," given counsel so much leeway in their attempts to prove that grand larceny not only is grand, but noble and uplifting, if not virtuous, that lawyers with fly-financial clients think even old "didn't mean to" has a chance to win out. Pleas that wouldn't hold for a minute in a police court are respectfully heard and soberly discussed for days in the higher courts. When the till-robbing clerk who "intended to put it back" is concluding his sixth month in the penitentiary, the case of the pilfering banker has about reached the stage where the court has laid down the basic principle that if the accused meant to steal, he is to be adjudged a thief. There has been too much debate on undebatable points. There has been a too generous distribution of the benefit of the doubt. Meanwhile, the margin gambler who robs the till, or "fixes" the cash, may feel a pardonable pride at seeing his ancient plea doing duty in higher circles, and being supported by legal talent much costlier than a mere police court purse could possibly afford.

MMR. PLATT's mantle, which is said to have fallen on Senator Root, will have to be dry-cleaned before even so unfastidious a gentleman as Mr. Root will care to wear it.

DO NOT be too much impressed by the cry of the trusts that they cannot get along on less tariff protection than they now receive. Some of these same industries were founded in days when tariff schedules afforded little protection, when the tariff wall was much lower than it is to-day. If they ever needed high protection, it was then, in the days when they were infant industries in very truth, but somehow in those days they managed to survive, and not only to survive, but to thrive and wax fat without much tariff help. It is only in these latter days, when they are grown to giant size and strength, that their absolute dependence upon tariff favors is discovered and proclaimed. If the duty on steel were twice as high as it is, the Steel Trust notwithstanding couldn't get along on less. If the duty on cattle or the useful parts thereof were three times as high as it is, less duty would bring about the Beef Trust's sad demise. That is, of course, provided you let the trusts tell it. As a matter of fact, the American people can obtain no reliable information on the tariff from the beneficiaries of it. Get all you can, not all you need, is the motto of the tariff grafters. And so long as we believe him, and accept his statement that he needs all he gets, we will have trusts. Tariff-made monopolies have no harmful power which the people do not give them, and no harmful power which the people cannot take away. All that is required of us is that we do our own thinking and not let corporation lawyers at Congressional hearings think for us. They are paid, and paid big, not to inform, but to fool.



A LITTLE IN ADVANCE OF APRIL FIRST.

THE RUSSIAN officers at Vladivostok, who squandered on chorus girls the coal money received from the American fleet, are hereby declared eligible for non-resident membership in the Society of Pittsburgh Millionaires.

TIM SULLIVAN says he is against anything that Governor Hughes is for. This is the biggest feather in the Hughes cap yet.



HE HAS HAIR ENOUGH.
WHY NOT DRESS IT IN THE PREVAILING STYLE?

THE VICTOR AND THE TOILS.



OW ROOSEVELT shoots the tiger
Or bags the tropic bird,
Or swims across the Niger
At one round D the word.

While William J. whose flock was
Sore smitten in the neck
Is lecturing Chautauquas
At just one thou the lec.

With "Just bagged lovely lion,
Twelve feet from fore to aft;"
And "Church To-night: Hear Bryan!"
Who'll waste a thought on Taft?
Horatio Winslow.

CAUSE FOR REGRET.

"YES, SUH," said a prominent son of the Dark and Bloody Ground, "it is a lamentable fact that the younguh generation is tuhning its back on the traditions and institutions of our beloved Southland. Now, thuh was Cuhnel Cawkright's eldest son, as fine a boy, I-gad, suh, as evuh lived; he went Nawth, and bye-and-bye shot himself in a saloon in New Yawk, when he might just as well have stayed heah and had some one else do it for him."

All things are divided into two classes: The things you don't like and the things that are not good for you.

LOVE AND HATE.

A MPLE EYES for both Love and Hate were provided, but when it came to the division of these, Hate wanted them all. "I need them in order to be happy, while you don't!" he argued. And Love, ever easy to persuade, consented to be blind.



SPRING HALT.

PUCK



DUCK PINS.

THE AMOURS OF AMETHYST JONES.

II.

AMETHYST JONES settled deep into his big leather chair at the club; he crossed his legs and cocked one knee very high.

"In a love affair," said Amethyst, "as in almost any other great business of Life, the Truth doesn't run favorite, being about a twenty to one shot; but it has a way of coming in strong at the finish. In my first Grand Passion, the Romance of Amy Bean, I demonstrated that

Love is born in sorrow and endures often as a sad remembrance. My Second Love was a red haired girl named Nettie Darling. We were each sixteen years of age, which is a more or less truthful period of Life.

"I fell in Love with Nettie at a Band of Hope temperance rally in the country. Nettie was a cousin o' mine. This was on a pensive Summer Sunday afternoon, when the low hum of life outside the little country schoolhouse floated in through the open windows. The pleading voice of the temperance advocate had died away; the Demon Rum had been pictured in all its horror to our youthful minds, and Nettie, fair cold water virgin, with cheeks like a sunset glow and lips as ruby as forbidden wine, bowed her red crowned head close to mine whilst we listened to old Deacon Perry's earnest, low spoken, closing prayer. Never before had I known that Nettie was beautiful. It was a long prayer. For nine long minutes had I gazed upon Nettie's pretty cheeks, and observed the sweetness of her pure young face, when at last she opened her eyes of blue. We were dismissed from the temperance rally with thoughts in our receptive young minds so serious that Love, and only Love, could re-



WHEN "THE BUYERS ARE IN TOWN."

lieve our distraught condition. I have said that it was a pensive Summer Sunday afternoon. In the lengthening shadows of that dying day we walked, Nettie and I, alone with each other and our thoughts, along a country road which lay between the emerald of the fields or passed 'neath the shade of deep mysterious woods. It was the woods—and Nettie—that gave death to our lingering thoughts of the Demon Rum and compassed us about with the subtle charm of the Goddess of Love. We rested on a bank of ferns. Nettie's fingers played idly with the fragile ferns, and I looked through the leafy maze to the silent sky; and then at Nettie, also silent: I subconsciously recalled how beautiful she looked, in silence, during

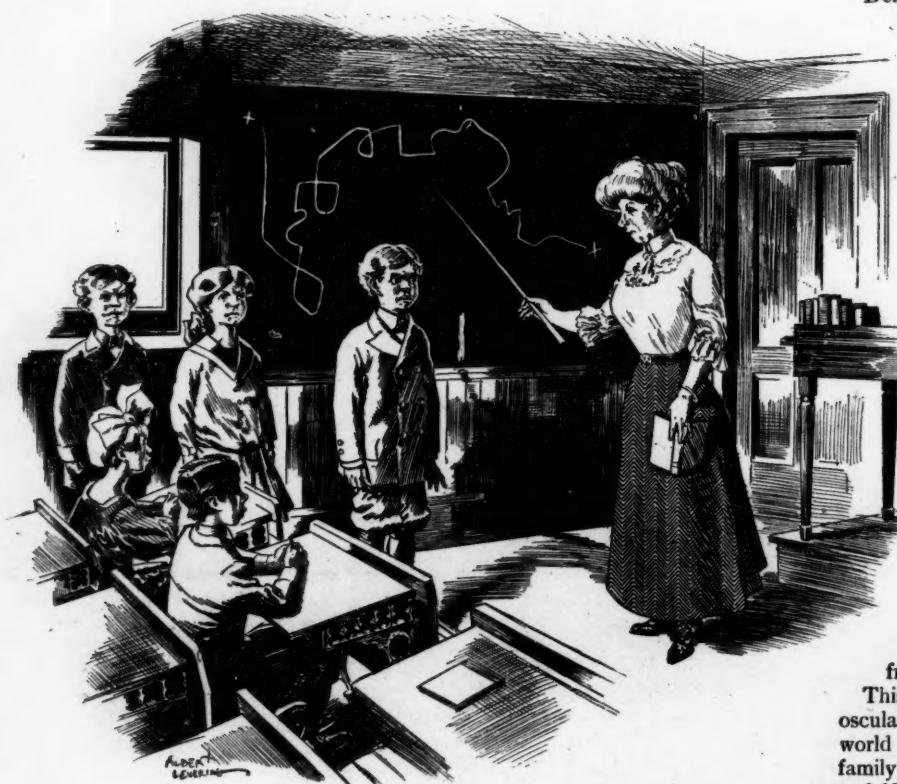
Deacon Perry's prayer; how beautiful she was now, dreaming and silent. Woman's transfiguring beauty is often seen when she is silent. Silence lends enchantment.

Nettie's fingers wove a fern into her glorious hair. 'Let me!' said I, marveling at my audacity. And I wove a fern amongst her tresses. My fingers lingered there. Nettie sighed. I kissed her—kissed her fair and full upon her wet, red lips, lips ruby as wine and more intoxicating than a draught of the raciest vintage that ever sent its insidious ardor through the veins of man. Love leaped in my soul. I drew her to me. 'You mustn't, Oh, you mustn't!' she said; and her voice was like the music of a lute. I can hear it now. Ah, Nettie, could I forget?

"It was twilight when we left the wonderful woods. My arm was about her waist—and faint would I have kept it there forever! We walked in sweet silence along the darkening way of the country road, and came at last to the white painted, green shuttered house where Nettie's noble farmer father dwelt. Nettie had four sisters, and—five brothers—those were the good old days. At the gate I kissed her good night. And a couple of her sturdy brothers marching with milk pails and measured tread from barn to house observed, with the keen eyes of youth and that incomprehensible country alertness which is ever annoying to youth from city or town who do make love to their sisters.

This was no cousinly kiss; it was the passionate, clinging osculation of a man who has lost his heart and forgotten the world in One Woman. And they knew. And presently the family knew. For my good night kiss was twenty kisses, and Nettie, there in the dusk of the pure Summer night had lifted her lips to mine till our souls were like the souls—of lovers everywhere, in every time and clime.

"The family were not so serious as Nettie and I. There was a jocose undercurrent, manifest in certain jestful remarks which suddenly were wafted in upon our senses from the



EUCLID NEVER RAN ONE.

TEACHER OF GEOMETRY.—What! ? Your father told you that *that* was the shortest distance between two points! What *is* your father? Boy.—He runs a taxicab, ma'am.

PUCK

white painted house which stood there, ghostlike and pale in the night shadows, a gleam from the kitchen window casting its steady light upon the well worn path from gate to doorstep. And up that path, my maiden fled. But we had known love: at last it had come to our yearning hearts. We understood the riddle of the Universe. Like a Man, I resolutely trod the uncertain country road from my Darling's house that night to the residence of my farmer grandsire a mile away. The next day I saw nothing of Nettie, though I walked once in the afternoon and five times at dusk past her home. All was silent. (I afterward ascertained that the entire family was attending a Grange pic-nic.)

"Goaded to strong resolution, confirmed by a day's absence from my fair love, on the second day I boldly called upon Nettie. And then every day, giving no heed to the ruthless brothers, the smiling mother, the grim father, or the tittering sisters of Nettie, my Sweetheart, my own—forever my own.

"At the end of the week my vacation days in the country were done. I bade Nettie Darling a farewell at her gate on that last night which lingers in my memory as the faint perfume of lavender clings to bride's garments; as the odor of all the roses of the world might scent a secret faded dream, as a remembrance of the fragrance of a maiden's hair will sometimes call to a man when he lies alone beneath starlit skies.

"In the year that followed the plighting of our everlasting troth, we

corresponded. I recall that Nettie used blue ink. It grew paler and paler. I answered less and less frequently. At last, a month went by, with no letter on either side. Correspondence at a distance is not so enervating as love at close range, but it is less entralling.

"You cannot imagine, gentlemen, the strain put upon my eyesight by that pale blue ink. Finally, however, an envelope reached me, in the dear, familiar writing, addressed in ink as black and clear as an advertisement. Eagerly I tore it open—"

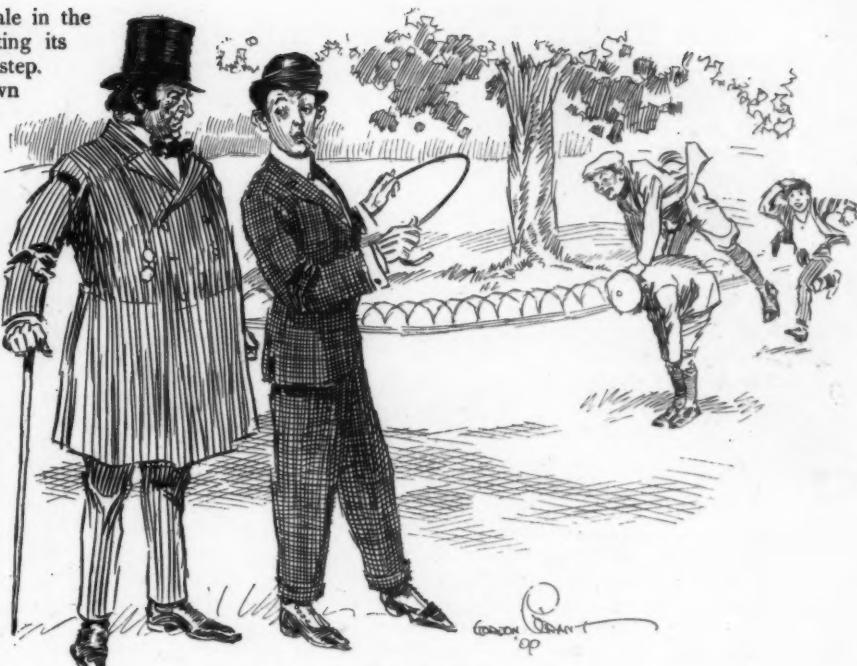
"Well, well?" we queried, breathless, with suspense.

"I could read the contents as readily as the address," said Amethyst. "It was a most legibly engraved invitation to Nettie's wedding." *Fred. Ladd.*

THESE PETITIONS.

"Now they are getting up a petition to Roosevelt, asking him not to kill the wild animals while in Africa."

"I would suggest an amendment, urging him not to pick the flowers."



AS AGE CREEPS ON.

MR. SNIPPINGTON.—By Jove, when we see what a good time kids have, that's no joke about us old fellers wanting to be boys again, is it!

REFLECTIONS OF AN ENGAGEMENT RING.

I AM CONSIDERED a brilliant success in literature, though many people accuse me of plagiarism; the popular criticism of my work being "that old, old story."

It is a pity I am so bright, however, considering the conversations I have to listen to every evening. Last night he remarked sixty-five times "I love you so, dear," and sixty-five times she replied, "Do you, dear?"

He tells them all, "I love you as man never loved before." Isn't he clever to find so many new ways of doing something so old?

Personally I can see no difference in his methods myself.

They held on to me with both hands last evening, but I insisted upon cutting them.

The man and I can always get around a pretty girl.

The man owes all his happiness to me. Only through my influence is he able to hold her hands in his and taste the sweetness of her lips, yet already has he forgotten me in his longing for a wedding ring.

Men are so ungrateful, but I'll bide my time. Methinks I will soon be avenged.

I am the "best seller" on the market. *Barbara Blair.*



JUST BEFORE RETIRING.

THE MAN FROM DOWNTAIRS.—Say, whattin blazes are you doing up here? Chasin' mice?

THE TOPFLOOR BACK.—No, I ain't! I'm training—*puff!*—for the Drygoods Clerks'—*puff!*—Marathon next Saturday! Time me, will you?

Or, as the cooks have it, a suburb by any other name is just as far out.

PUCK

UPLIFTING THE REUBENS.



WAS sitting the other night in the little general store owned by Daniel Simmons, and as I listened to the rather indelicate persiflage of the assembled tillers of the soil, I remembered that the government at Washington has begun to uplift those benighted persons; and I waxed joyous thereat.

Indeed, as I considered what Ernie Torrance would be if he were uplifted sufficiently, I could hardly suppress my gratification. Ernie is the shiftless cuss who sits farthest back from the stove and expectorates frequently and noisily with the stove door as a target. He is a poor marksman. When may I expect (making due allowance for my impatience) to see Ernie uplifted about twelve feet, with his feet resting upon a cushion of air?

Unless I am greatly deceived, there is a commission already at work devising plans whereby these simple lying folk may lead purer, sweeter and more intellectual lives. And healthier, no doubt. And as I look around upon this assemblage of weather-beaten, tanned complexions, set on six feet of depressingly robust frame, I do indeed long for the day when they shall take on a new appearance. What they need is that exquisite pale yellow tint of the Harlem flat dwellers; and the svelt, bicepless arms of a billing machine clerk in the office of the uplift commission.

Not one of these sons of toil but could be improved by the addition of a four-inch collar, and patent-leather shoes with pointed toes. Mayhap they eat too little canned stuff, and all their miserably rugged stomachs need is a few ounces of benzoate of soda. And well I know the hellish wiles of the cows hereabouts—cows that insist on giving an inch of cream to every quart pail of milk.

Then too they have too much pure air, down here at the Four Corners. Not one of the turbulent rubes has ever drawn into his lungs the aesthetic atmosphere which filters down the air shaft of a city home. Consequently they wax indecently robust, and need a commission, and the quicker the better.

Finally, I cannot discover one man here who reads anything much except the Bible, Will Shakespeare, Dickens and the Old Farmers' Almanac. Ah, speed the day of Elinor Glyn, Ibsen, Bok's *Ladies' Delight*, *Town Topics*, and Mr. Brisbane's brainy bits for bilious babes. I presume to think that these little gatherings, where every man says his say on politics, religion and the advisability of late plantings of beans—that all these will some time give way to a discussion of the advance of ethical culture in New South Wales, delivered in the hall over the fire station by a highbrowed gentleman with four feet of vocabulary and two inches of idea. Ah, gladsome day!

And while we are waiting to be uplifted, will some reader decide this question, propounded by Cal West: Why do hens stop laying when eggs are 60 cents the doz., and lay like thunder when you can't give the durned things away? *Freeman Tilden.*



HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

A PICTURE PRINTED IN THE INTERESTS OF VARIETY.

When our shafts fail to hit the mark, we generally have a feeling that the mark is too low.

LOSING HIS MIND.

"MOTHER! guess you'd better send for th' doctor," gasped Uncle Charlie Seaver as he sank into a chair and rocked back and forth, holding his gray head.

"Sakes alive! ye havn't been an' got th' misery in yer hed, have ye, Silas?" gasped his astonished wife, dropping a pie-tin.

"I donno what's th' matter but I've alwus had a hunch my mind'd go some time. It's cum, I guess. I noticed th' trouble fust last week when I plum forgot to go up an' swear off th' \$100 assessment till it was too late. Then I neglected to go to th' school meetin' last night to fight agin the new commissioner. But wuss and wuss, I didn't guess within eleven pound and seven ounces of the weight of Wal Weaver's big hog killed to-day. I guess my mind has gone all right. I'm about all in."

NEW.

THIS seems to be the age, and the country for societies and movements of all kinds for the amelioration of human ills no matter where they happen to be.

But there is one kind of society that up to date has not been started, and that is a society run by people who are not secretly looking out for themselves.

In the case of well known charitable societies, when we come to look into them closely, we discover that a large part of the money received goes to the officers, who are naturally interested in making a living.

When we come to scratch any man, and get below the surface, we find an office seeker, a person who has a family or a set of bad habits to support, and who has taken the best means in his power to get it—by trading up on the good impulses of others.

The man who is conducting a charity is usually incompetent to do anything else. Not always, but usually.

Let us therefore, start a society of people who do not care a hang what happens to themselves. To this society there will be no dues, because if there were someone would be getting something out of it.

The object of the society is that everyone in it shall mind his own business exclusively. Who'll join?

T. L. M.

PARTIAL FRIGHT.

"I was in the cafe-car when the trains collided."

"Wasn't you scared?"

"A little, at first. When the crash came I thought for an instant that I was at a church supper, with the second table just coming in."



EMPIRE PANTS.

SUGGESTED FASHION FOR MEN.

PUCK

THE TABLE.



HY should this life be so involved.
Why should we scorn things,
plain?
This complicated living breeds
Hysteria of the brain;
There was a time when we pro-
gressed
With greater ease, through life,
For then our table place showed these—
Plate, spoon and fork and knife;



We knew just where to find them, too..
No meal was then complex,
There were no fads to bother us,
To worry, shame and vex,
But from plain feeding, we must branch
To frills and formal fuss;
The women folks began it when
They set the table thus:



And had they been content with that,
'Twould not have been so bad,
But piling on the dining tools
Is now a fearsome fad:
He who would feast must contemplate,
In house, or stuffy flat,
Like ties, along a railway strewn,
The silver, placed like that:



Charles R. Barnes.



THE TRUE STORY OF ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.



IN THE WIRELESS AGE.

PA SWALLOW.—Yes, my son, we can thank only our foolish ancestors for the abolition of wires. History shows how recklessly they trespassed on corporation property without the slightest regard for the owner's rights!

turning alone from the inauguration at the Capitol to the White House. Not that anybody is knocking his predecessor, you might say, but—well, it was Taft's show, and there was no good and sufficient reason why he should have shared his glory with any other man."

"Of course, it does look a little strange about the White House not to see Mr. Loeb's smiling and welcoming face nowadays. But as one swallow does not make a summer, neither should one sorrow dampen an otherwise abundant joy."

"It is more or less comforting to feel, too, that 'Pete,' the man-eating bulldog of the other days, is with us no longer. Ambassadors now feel that they may approach the White House without fear of embarrassing complications, and—er—things of that kind, you know."

James B. Nevin.

GRABBING.

WITH nine-tenths of the property owned by one-twentieth of the population, no doubt remains that as a nation we possess virile ideals. But at the same time, the fact that nineteen-twentieths of the taxes are dodged by one-fiftieth of the population shows all too plainly that grabbing in the grand style has yet to become anything like a common accomplishment.

THE RISING SUN.

WASHINGTON HAS capitulated to President Taft completely. Possibly we could not help it; his sunshiny presence and winning smile, you know—not to mention—"

"It is all so restful nowadays, too. No Big Stick, no Ananias Club, no Rough Riders, no Monday Morning Epistles to the People. Really, it seems quite old-fashioned—and old-fashioned things suit Washington best, maybe, after all."

"Booker Washington—! Sh-h-h-h-h!! We never mention that matter any more, you know."

"Mr. Taft's love of golf indicates largely the manner of man he is. It is not necessary to consult cowboys, prize-fighters, gentlemen-quick-on-the-trigger, and so on, when it comes to adjusting the ethical points of the present official White House pastime."

"Mr. Taft is essentially a diplomat. He never yells things from the housetops. His subordinate career in Washington paved the way for his present popularity—though the full magnitude of the man was not revealed until he took the reins of government actually in hand, of course."

"I think Washington rather approved of Taft re-



HOME TOPOGRAPHY.

STOUT UNCLE (roughly awakened).—Hey, what the deuce are you boys doing?
HIS NEPHEW.—Playing Bunker Hill. Bob's the British and I'm the Yankees.



THE PUCK PRESS

ELE

UNCLE SAM.—They say he needs it,



FLED.

They say he needs it, but he doesn't look sick to me.

PUCK



"AN IDIOMATIC IDYL."

EEP in a tale of mournful lore,
The kind o'er which most maidens pore
Because it makes them sad to.
I found her, and it seemed quite clear,
To dissipate the vagrant tear
Was just precisely in my sphere;
That I was just the lad to.

She wore those little puffs of hair,
You know the kind they always wear,
Because it is the fad to.
And when she said to draw my chair
Up close beside her sitting there,
She looked so pensive, sweet and fair
That I was mighty glad to.

I'd waited long for such a time,
To miss it now would be a crime;
It really seemed too bad to.
And so I dared to take her hand;
Of course I now can understand
The whole affair was badly planned
And I was simply mad to.

But when I tried to place my arm
Around her waist. Pray, what's the harm?
She said I was a cad to.
Her disapproval seemed to grow
And just 'cause I acted so,
She wanted Ma to come and know
And then she called her Dad to.

Now, it was far from my desire
The troubles of her worthy sire
Either to cause or add to.
I promised her that I'd "be good."
But when before us there he stood,
I left as quickly as I could,
Because I simply had to.

Frank Hill Phillips.

THE MODERN HEART.

"MONSTER, your heart is of stone!" shrieked the leading lady in "Tillie, the Tearful Threshing-Machine Girl."

"No indeed," scoffed the cold, cruel villain. "It is of reinforced concrete, which is just twenty-nine times as hard as common stone."

Then the Scene-in-a-Bavarian-Village curtain went down.



FACTS ABOUT FAIRY TALES.—II.

BLUEBEARD.—Here is a room which you must never enter. All others you—

HIS POOR LITTLE WIFE.—Gimme those keys! D'yer hear me?

And yet if all those who lived in glass houses refrained from throwing stones there would be practically no social conversation.



GENTLE PRE-HISTORIC SPRING.

A SUCCESSFUL WEDDING.

"TOO BAD, Sistah Sagg—suttling 'twuz!—dat yo' couldn't be at de weddin'," sympathetically said Sister Tuggle, who had been present. "Ah-Lawd!—'twuz one o' de most sonorous events of de present social season, yass'm! De bride, wid her hair all fussed up like it had been done wid an egg-beater, came uh-glidin' up de aisle, exceeded by de rushers and six little girls disarrayed as angels uh-strooin' flowers in de way, uh-whilst de awgin pealed fo'th de Weddin' March fum Meddlesome, follerred by a whole puhsession o' swell-elegant kin-folks uh-smellin' o' puffoomery like an observatory, and two little boys, dressed like charrybims, uh-holdin' up her trail. Pahson Bagster met 'em dar at de cancellation rail, and 'twuz all gwine fine twell he done axed, 'Who-all giveth dis yuh woman away?' and dat low-down, triflin' gamblin'-man, Snoot Judson, settin' back yander by de do', spoke up, and says, 'Ah-Lawd! I could, but I isn't dat mean!' De rushers done putt him out, razzah and all; and dat was de end o' him. And den de Pahson spoke de solemn words o' de sarrymony, and 'most everybody cried, 'twuz so disinfectant.'

"H'm—yass'm!" returned the lady addressed. "But what about de groom? Yo' isn't mentioned him a-tall."

"Oh, he was de conventional black."

Tom P. Morgan.



THE NOBLEST WORK.

PAT.—Is Kelly honest?
MIKE.—Is he? Sure, he's so honest ye niver kin tell when he's lying.

POLICE JUSTICE.—The man you ran down swears positively you were grinnin' like a fiend before the car hit him.

TROLLEY MOTORMAN.—I was, Your Honor! But you will understand when I tell you that I was a chauffeur for three years before I got my present job, and from force of habit I thought I could steer the car to avoid him, after throwing the usual scare into him.

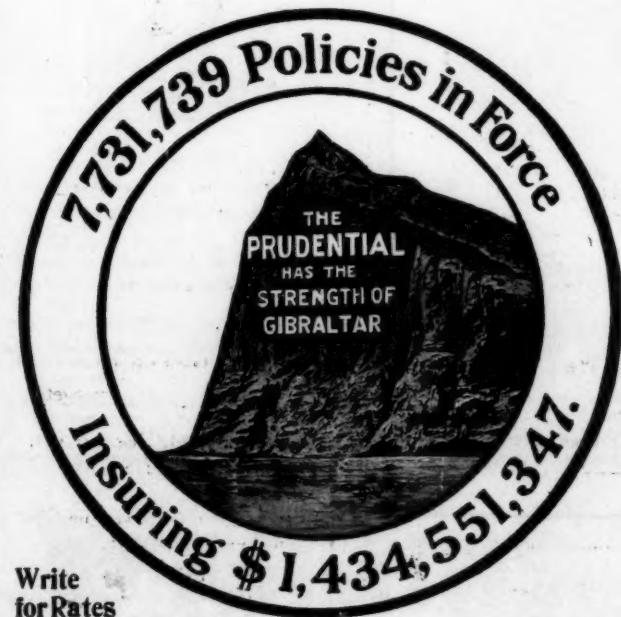
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THE PUREST TYPE OF
THE
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Whiskey

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
W.M. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

SOME of these days the west, which feeds the country, and the south, which clothes the country, will combine politically against that small section of the east which exploits the country.—*The Commoner.*

THAT is a wise Kentucky editor who limited his salutatory to ten words. It has secured him several thousand dollars' worth of free advertising throughout the country.—*Washington Herald.*

THE PRUDENTIAL MAKES
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Former United States Senator John F. Dryden, President of The Prudential Insurance Company, in a letter to the agency force of The Prudential, reviews that Company's achievements for 1908.

The year proved to be the most remarkable year in the history of The Prudential.

Here are some of the especially noteworthy achievements:

The Company surpassed all previous Prudential records in the volume of Industrial Insurance written.

The total Ordinary and Industrial business written amounted to over \$309,000,000.

The Prudential now has the largest assets and the largest income in its history and in 1908 it surpassed all its previous records in its payments.

The year saw a larger and more permanent agency force in the services of the Company, with increased earnings.

The expense of management was also decreased.

The New Low rate Industrial and Ordinary policies were heartily approved by the public.

The Company is very proud of this record, achieved during a time of business depression.

President Dryden makes the following interesting statement and prediction:

"The richest nation on earth is only in the infancy of its prosperity, and having successfully passed a temporary and brief period of business depression, has resumed a vigorous and robust growth, auguring well for a year of splendid business development and a future unbounded in its possibilities."

Since the figures of the other big American life insurance companies have been issued, it is shown that The Prudential in 1908 made the greatest gain in Life Insurance in force in 1908, \$97,000,000, of any life insurance company in the world. This indicates that The Prudential is going forward with greater strides than ever, and has certainly struck the popular chord with its low cost, all-guaranteed policies for all members of the family.

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"I'll bet that young girl's parents keep three hired girls and a cook."

"What makes you think so?"

"She says she just loves housework and could live in the kitchen."—*Detroit Free Press.*

SHEARING THE LAMB.

FRESHMAN.—What an outrage!

Twenty-five cents for a shave!

BARBER (earnestly).—Well, 15 cents was for the shave and 10 cents for finding what to shave.—*Northwestern Academician.*

SUSPICIOUS.

JUNIOR.—Hello, Bill, old fellow, awfully glad to see you back, old man. Hope you're feeling good.

BILL.—What laundry do you represent?—*Stanford Chaparral.*

WE earnestly hope that the gentleman who led Sylvia Green timidly, tremblingly to the altar will never have occasion to think harshly of his mother-in-law.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

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the regular size

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"The Hon. Thomas Rott is said to be losing heavily at poker."

"Well, you know, in his speeches he promised if elected to 'let the chips fall where they may.'"

There is no more popular and healthful breakfast diet than grape fruit after a dash of Abbott's Bitters has been added.

NO ONE TO DEPEND ON.

"He seems to be a very energetic young man."

"He has to be. He has no rich relations."—*Detroit Free Press.*

BUT if Love so far forgets himself as to laugh at lock-canalsmiths, he will be promptly relegated to the ranks of the undesirable citizens.—*Washington Herald.*

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OULD MATT'EW MORAN.

"Och ! 'tis he that looks natural, layin' there dead,"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran,
"Wid the palms at his feet an' the lights at his head
An' the cross in his han'.

Heart an' soul are at rest,
An' it's all for the best,"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran.

When he'd laid by his coat an' had hung up his hat
An' had shuffled away to a corner, an' sat
Wid his stick twixt his knees an' his han' on the crook,
'Twas himself, an' no less, had the "natural look."
For the folk o' the parish were wont to declare
Ne'er a wake a success unless Matt'ew was there.
"Tis a sorrowful world," he leaned over an' said
To the man by his side, wid a shake of his head;
"There's so much in it now that's deceitful an' wrong,
'Tis a blessin' our fri'nd here was took while he's young."
"He was seventy-five lasht July," said the man,
"An' I doubt if ye're more than that, Muster Moran."
Wid a tap o' the end of his stick on the floor,
"Shure a man is as ould as he feels—an' no more!"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran.

"Och ! the breed o' men found in these days
'Tis a crime !
Shure, they're not the strong stuff that was raised in my time.
Who's the next wan to go ? If ye'll jisht look around,
Ye'll find manny a sickly wan here, I'll be bound.
There's no life in them now like the lads in my day."
So he sat in his chair an' jisht muttered away.
While the neighbors came in an' passed out o' the door
In a stiddy procession. Ten minyits or more
Since the ould man had spoken, the man by his side
Found him sittin', asleep, wid his mouth open wide.
Undisturbed in his corner they let him dream on

Till the lasht o' the neighborly mourners' was gone.
"I've been noddin'," sez he, as he rose to his feet;
"Och ! the houses these days are jisht murthered wid heat,"
Growled ould Matt'ew Moran.

"There's so much in the world that's deceitful an' wrong,"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran,
"Tis a blessin' indeed to be took whin ye're young.
Like that dacint young man.
Well, there's wan gone to rest,
An' it's all for the best,"
Said ould Matt'ew Moran.

—*The Catholic Standard and Times.*

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POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It's an argument until the other fellow gets the better of it. Then it's a dispute.

Experience is a great teacher. It teaches us how to make other kinds of mistakes.

Man wants but little here below, but he wants what he wants when he wants it.

Any man who thinks more of a dollar than he does of his self respect is in the insult-proof class.

Men are so contrary that if their wives wanted them to stay out late they probably wouldn't do it.—*Chicago Daily News.*

OLD.

"We've had that chair for many years,"

She said. I ran my thumb beneath the seat, and lo ! I found Her grandma's chewing gum.

Detroit Free Press.

THE philosopher of the Hastings (Neb.) Tribune says: "The girl who makes the best wife is the one who is as much at home in the kitchen as in the parlor." Yes, and the best husband is the one who gives his wife a chance to be as much at home in the parlor as in the kitchen.—*The Commoner.*



HASSMAN RICH IN HISTORY.

TOURIST.—It certainly is a fine old ruin.

NATIVE BOY (enthusiastically).—Yes, sir, and they're building a finer one about a mile from here.

A tablespoonful of Abbott's Bitters in a glass of sweetened water after meals is a great aid to digestion.

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BOSTON GARTER
The Name is stamped on every loop—Be sure it's there
THE *Velvet Grip* CUSHION BUTTON CLASP LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER SLIPS, TEARS, NOR UNFASTENS
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After "O'Neill."

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WHISKEY

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SOLE AGENTS
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GREEN.—Smith asked me to forget my troubles this morning.

BROWN.—What for?

GREEN.—He wanted me to listen to his.—*Chicago News*.

"I HEAR yer fren' Tamson's married again."

"Aye, so he is. He's been a dear fren' tae me. He's cost me three wedding presents an' two wreaths."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

COOK'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

Fifty years ago, in Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne, American ingenuity solved the problem of producing, on this side of the Atlantic, a champagne which, in point of flavor, bouquet, life and sparkle, equaled the best of foreign wines.

Prior to that time it was the popular belief that only grapes grown on the hills of France and Spain possessed the necessary qualifications for wine making and that only the wine makers of Southern Europe understood the art of pressing the juice from grapes and converting it into sparkling champagne.

American wine growers, however, were not slow to prove the fallacy of that belief. In certain sections of the country the soil and climatic conditions were found to be ideal for the cultivation of wine making grapes, and it is now a generally accepted fact that the grapes grown in some of those favored localities surpass in juiciness and flavor the finest foreign specimens.

One of the first champagnes made from these luscious domestic grapes was Cook's Imperial. That was in 1859. It was an excellent champagne then; it is a better champagne to-day, for it is a well known fact that champagne quality improves with the age of the vineyard. Cook's Imperial has been made from grapes grown in the same vineyard for the past half century, during which time it has constantly grown in popular favor.

The makers of this most excellent champagne have good reason to feel proud of the splendid record it has made during the past fifty years, and the Golden Jubilee of Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne is noteworthy as being another indication of American skill and progress.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

(A Sonnet.)

Oh Mabel, when the melancholy joys
Of dances, theatre parties, other feasts
Make the unwary lose their equipoise
And change the best of college men to
beasts,
The ceaseless tide of fashion in its sway
Catches me up nor never lets me drop
Until my strength is almost sapped away
And heavy drinking seems my only prop.

Then your refining influence is such,
That when its tender tentacles are curled
Around my heart, I swear I wouldn't touch
Another drop of whiskey for the world!
O Goddess, may thy Anti-Bacchus Club
Forever prosper in this wanton Hub!
Harvard Lampoon.

MR. ROOSEVELT will have two rooms, a stenographer and a private telephone in the office of *The Outlook*. It is probable that he will also have a rug on his floor. Nevertheless, he will find it necessary to be exceedingly respectful to the foreman of the composing-room.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

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RYE**

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PITTSBURGH, PA.

At night you see her at the dance,
Bewildering and sweet,
A score of men around her would
Do homage at her feet;
She smiles, and all the world smiles, too,
So it appears to me—
With one accord we do proclaim,
The Queen of Hearts is she.

Apollinaris

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

Bottled only at the Spring, Neuenahr, Germany,
and Only with its Own Natural Gas.

THE AMERICAN QUEEN.

She seeks her garden in the morn,
And plants and delves with care;
A gingham bonnet crowns her head
And hides her golden hair.
She's not afraid to soil her hands,
She's busy as a bee;
The spade she handles with much skill—
The Queen of Spades is she.

And later, on the links she's found,
With skirt to match her hose;
Just note the color of her cheeks,
And watch her graceful pose.
The caddy hands her out her club,
And then he makes the tee;
She drives, and you conclude at once
The Queen of Clubs is she.

The afternoon will find her out
To see a game of ball;
She knows the fine plays of the game
And does applaud them all.
She's pleased, of course, when her side wins,
And claps her hands with glee;
You cannot lose her on the field—
A Diamond Queen is she.

At night you see her at the dance,
Bewildering and sweet,
A score of men around her would
Do homage at her feet;
She smiles, and all the world smiles, too,
So it appears to me—
With one accord we do proclaim,
The Queen of Hearts is she.

Yonkers Statesman.

MONEY would be more enjoyable if it took people as long to spend it as it does to earn it.—*Atchison Globe*.

"THE LION will not not touch the true prince."—*Henry IV, Act II, Sc. 4.*

So Roosevelt can go to Africa with impunity.—*Harvard Lampoon.*



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WHEN you lose a hundred dollars, your friend says he is sorry, but it is impossible for him to be as sorry as you are.—*Atchison Globe*.



ON THE SIVINTEENTH.

MRS. MCQUATTER.—Sure, an' Oi think it's drunk he is, Dinny.

MR. MCQUATTER.—If he ain't, thin, begorry, he's a dom foine author.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.
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pleases the epicure,
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WHEN he wants to go some place, a boy can do work in ten minutes which would ordinarily take him half a day.—*Atchison Globe*.

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